Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

ON THE BRIDGE.

It was young Robin and his love
Stood on a bridge at even song;
Night's countless lamps were lit above;
below, the streamlet slid along.
Across the rail she lightly leant,
And gazed into the quiet stream,
Wherein she saw with deep content
The buried stars' reflected gleam:
But never stars shone half as bright
As Elsie's eyes that summer night.

Around her taper waist an arm—
Her gallant Robin's—gently lay:
In place and hour there lurked a charm
That owned no kinship to the day.
Familiar sounds upon the gale
Were softly wafted to the ear,
And from the darkness of the vale
The love-lorn mavis fluted clear:
But sweeter than the song he sung,
The words that trembled on her tongue.

The shadows deepen in the dell;
Weird bats athwart the water play;
And on the fitful breezes swell
The village church-bells far away.
Through all the windings of the glade,
The stately trees, like phantoms stand;
Whilst Love was leading man and maid
Far onward into fairyland;
And neither had on earth a part,
Save only in the other's heart!

Anon, from yonder wooded ridge,
The cold moon climbs the blue expanse,
She glorifies the rustic bridge,
Her beams upon the brooklet dance;
She softly winds about the twain
The radiance of her liquid light,
As though, for lovers, she would fain
Create a fairer day from night.
Her silver signet—nothing loth—
She sets upon their plighted troth!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

"ONE OF THREE."

BY JESSE FOTHERGILL,

Author of "Probation," "The Welfields," Etc.

PARABLE.

"Here are three breast-knots," said a wise man to a maiden who was passing his hut. "Choose quickly which you will wear through life."

The maiden looked at the knots, and took one of them up. "I will keep this, and wear it," she said.

"Why that?" asked the sage. "True, it is not the worst. This tinsel affair would have given you no satisfaction; but it is not the best. This with the tiny diamond in its folds is the best. The one you have chosen has but a little steel button with a sharp point, sometimes you will hurt yourself with it. Take rather the third—this with the diamond."

"I will have this," said the girl, clinging to her first choice.

"But why?"

"Because I like it the best."

"Why so?"

"Because I do," answered the maiden, pinning the knot on to her breast, and going away singing.

The sage, with a cynical smile, withdrew into his hut.

"Always the same old tale," he muttered. "With man and maid alike, 'I like it best.' 'And why?' 'Because I do!' It grows monotonous."

CHAPTER I.

MARGARET BARRINGTON.

It was a fine afternoon in the middle of May. The sun shone brightly into a light, large, gayly furnished room, evidently the boudoir or private sitting-room of a woman of means, if not of very cultivated taste. Cultivation, refinement, educated taste, were, indeed, most conspicuous by their absence from all the arrangements of this room. Everything in it looked as if it had cost a good deal of money, but there was everywhere an odd mixture of the vulgar and elegant—incongruities which here and there almost attained the relative heights of the sublime and the ridiculous. There was a velvet carpet, light in its general effect, brilliant and varied of hue; it had a dazzling blue ground, adorned with medallions of drab, more like tea-trays than anything else; garlanded with flowers of every hue, and of species both known and unknown to scientific classification. It was a carpet which would have caused a latter-day votary of blue and white china and neutral tints to tear his hair and wail aloud. It was the kind of carpet which challenged the beholder to ignore it if he could, with a triumphant consciousness that he could not. High artistic authorities inform us that the carpet should be the least striking thing in a room. In this case, it was the most striking one. Possibly that was one reason why its owner had chosen it. She was a person who did not love the beauty of retiringness in any shape or form. This was abundantly testified, not only by the carpet already mentioned, but by all the rest of the furniture of the room. The hues were, in all cases where it was possible, lively, and, so that monotony might not pall, they were varied. Colors and shapes and styles were massed together in a bold and daring way which had at least the merit of a defiant originality about it—an originality which defied conventional ideas of fitness.

One of the principal features in this room was the profusion of tables, little and big, which pervaded it. Just where the uninitiated visitor might reasonably have expected to find a free and open passage to the door, or the window, or the piano, there, without fail, would be planted some rickety, spindle-legged structure, covered with specimens of the latest and most grotesque China monster or Parisian gimcrack. (They were bought by the lady of the house as articles of *vertu:* it was her unruly son Tom, and his no less unruly ally, Margaret Barrington, who persisted in calling them gimcracks.) They were a great nuisance to all her friends and ran away with a great deal of her pin-money, and were universally voted a bore; therefore, she clung to them with a fondness which only increased as the disfavor of others augmented.

She, Mrs. Robert Pierce, was, at this moment of this bright afternoon, alone in the room—a stout, fair, matronly woman, young still, and only promising to be enormous and unwieldy in figure some time. She was dressed in a kind of tea gown of some flowing white stuff, *a la Watteau*, which, with its frills and ribbons of blue, suited her. Her fair face wore a somewhat high color, and she threw herself back in a lounging chair, and closed her eyes, sighing wearily, and clasping her hands upon her knee.

"Oh," she murmured, half aloud, "is everything ready, I wonder? I do wish he would come, and relieve my mind about that champagne. I know there's not enough in the house, and if we were to fall short at the last, good gracious!"

After a moment given to pondering on the dire possibility, she suddenly started up again in an agile manner, and pulled the bell. Then she said to the servant who answered her summons:

"Bring some tea, and tell Miss Barrington that if she is at liberty I should like to speak to her."

With which she again sank into her chair and waited, her lips moving now and then, as if she mentally apostrophized some loved object. It was not so, however, as those who knew her would easily have surmised. Could her meditations have been heard, they would have run

"I suppose I must trust to his remembering it, but men are so careless. Unless their wives look after them they really do behave like imbeciles in some things. Men and cooks—I don't know which are the worst."

Here a maid came in with the desired tea. While she was clearing one of the innumerable small tables before alluded to for its reception, the door was a second time opened, and a young lady entered, at whose appearance the exhausted looking matron in white and blue raised herself, and testified signs of renewed animation.

"Oh, here you are, Margaret! Come and have some tea. I don't know what you feel like, but I am so exhausted I feel as if I should never come round again. And I do think you might have helped me more."

"My dear Laura, you know this entertainment is against my principles in every way. How, therefore, could I help you without perjuring myself? and then, I know the more trouble such an affair gives you, the more you enjoy it."

"Well, considering that all the trouble is on your account——"

"But not at my desire, my dear. I am sure you will not maintain that I asked you to give a ball for my coming of age. Why, when people are one and twenty, should they go and advertise the melancholy fact aloud to all their ill-natured acquaintances, who would always have a hold upon them in after years, when perhaps they would be glad enough to appear young? It is simply giving all the gossips you know a handle when they want to say ill-natured things."

"Pooh! Stuff! Some people may want to conceal their age. Heiresses never need. Oh, but tea is truly refreshing. Do take some!"

"Thank you," said Margaret Barrington, with an odd little smile as she poured a cupful of the beverage out, and carrying it to the bay window, stood in that recess, and looked out while she drank it.

She was a considerable heiress, and a great many people said she was a beauty. This day she attained her majority, and entered upon full and uncontrolled possession of her fortune and property. Margaret's mother had died at the girl's birth. Her father had taken no second wife, and she had lost him when she was thirteen years old. She and he had been alone in the world, so far as having any near relations went. Mrs. Pierce was Margaret's own cousin, though many years older than herself. She had been a Miss Catheart, poor and pretty, and she had at an early age married Robert Pierce, a rich manufacturer of a great city, whose money was abundant, if his family was doubtful. To him—Mr. Pierce—and his wife, the guardianship of the young heiress had been consigned, not because the late Mr. Barrington considered them the most desirable persons to bring up a young girl—not because he liked their style, or their friends, or their mode of life, but because Laura Pierce was the only relation his girl had, and because, with all her foibles, she was a kind-hearted woman, and because Mr. Pierce, if not a gentleman, in Mr. Barrington's sense of the word, was also a kindly natured man, and away from his home, where he was indulgent to weakness, was a keen, shrewd man of business, and honest withal—who would take care of Margaret's money as if it were his own.

Stringent provisions for the education of the young lady were made in her father's will; she had, to use Mrs. Pierce's plaintive expression, "enjoyed *every* advantage" which the best schools, the first masters, the most accomplished mistresses, could give. She had passed with honor examinations bristling with difficulties; she had imbibed an immense amount of condensed science, condensed art, condensed theory of music, general facts, music and languages. She had never been allowed to go out alone; she had been taken to hear the most celebrated singers and musicians, to lectures, to concerts, to literary and scientific tournaments; she had been strictly kept aloof from anything like woman's rights on the one hand, and a vulgar flirtation on the other. With the best intentions in the world, her pastors and masters had employed every energy to make her into a model young lady—a model in a social, a domestic, a benevolent point of view. The Established Church had seen after her morals and religious belief; she had "learnt" political economy, because she would some day have an estate to manage; many other things had been done to improve and make her what she ought to be.

And with what result? The result that when, at nineteen years of age, she was committed into the hands of her guardian and his wife as a finished young lady, it was found that all her training had not spoiled her; had not been able to prevent her from deciding for herself on many matters; had not made her less incorrigibly natural and outspoken. She did not altogether believe in the Church of England. She said she did not understand Wagner's music. She said she thought there was a great deal of truth in what the woman's rights ladies said for themselves. She said she did not see any harm in a flirtation. She said she did not believe that her first duty was to be sure she married a man who would look after her money and take care of her. She said she was not going to marry any one at all until long after she was twenty-one—until she had tried whether she could not look after her money for herself. She said many other things of a like nature, not loudly, but with a very soft, delightful voice, and with a smile at once soft and bright. Moreover, she said she did not care much about girls, and she thought it must be because she had never known anything but girls. She had no special friend to whom she wrote daily half a ream of paper, and called it a letter. She had struck up a great friendship with Master Thomas Pierce, the eldest hope of her guardian, and Laura, his wife. Thomas and his sisters adored her. She had early gained from Mr. Pierce the soubriquet of "The Incorrigible," and he had called her by it ever since.

Yet Margaret, as she stood in the window, silently sipping her tea, and so allowing me time for this long digression, did not look a very incorrigible person, or a very bad person in any way. Indeed, one was particularly struck with the womanly softness of all her traits—a softness tempered by a certain fire, but which never for a moment disappeared. She was indisputably a beautiful creature; tall, and formed on the lines of a Juno rather than of a Hebe, none of her features, taken separately, could be called handsome; but the *tout ensemble* was charming. When she smiled, a sunny, generous smile, one quite forgot that her face was more broad than oval; one pardoned the irregular shape of her nose, because no other nose would have been suited to the rest of her face; and there was no possibility of disputing the beauty of her red-gold hair, of the true Titianesque hue, or of the curious, luminous, golden-brown eyes, which were enthusiastic, but neither dreamy nor short-sighted. She was taller, more amply formed, more richly colored, than most English girls of her age, and with this southern luxuriance of life and vitality there was mingled also some Southern haste and impetuousness. She had never made herself anything but agreeable and amiable in her guardian's household, but both Mr. and Mrs. Pierce considered that Margaret had many "odd" ideas; they were both somewhat apprehensive as to the use she might make of her fortune and her liberty. She never treated them to any wild schemes; but they had an intuitive suspicion that her views as to the use of money differed from theirs—and would be more likely, for instance, to take the shape of founding a scholarship than of giving a ball. As to her real and serious views about life—if she had any, which they doubted—they knew nothing.

"You ought to feel yourself a very happy girl, to-day!" observed Mrs. Pierce, presently.

"Why, I wonder?"

"Most women (and men, too,) would tell you the same thing. You know perfectly well, why."

"If I were a young man, I dare say I should feel very happy. I should have a career before me then—at least I would make one."

"You have a much pleasanter career before you as it is ——"

"I wonder what?"

"That of a happy wife and mother."

"Really, Laura, you exasperate me sometimes. That is stupid of me, I know. It simply shows that we don't agree. I am not going to marry at present; and if I were, it does not follow that I should be a happy wife and mother. I might never be a mother at all, and if I were, my children might be bad. Ten to one, my husband would be bad ——"

"Not if you were guided in your choice by the wishes of your friends."

Margaret shrugged her shoulders, again smiling with a dubious expression.

"You are already admired," pursued Mrs. Pierce; "I might almost say, beloved."

"You might almost say many curious things."

"I do know that if you were any one else, I should give you some advice," said Laura, plaintively.

"Consider me some one else, and give me the advice."

"I should say, look at me," Mrs. Pierce said, solemnly.

"With pleasure. What lesson am I to derive from the contemplation of so charming an object? Do you advise me to get a gown like yours, or——"

"Look at me! When I was eighteen Robert proposed to me. My aunt, with whom I lived—since dead—and whom I consulted, said: 'Do not hesitate; accept him.' Did I hesitate?"

"I should fancy not," said Miss Barrington, her mouth grave, her eyes filled with an elfin light.

"Not for a moment. I accepted him; and see the result!"

"I can see many results. Which do you wish me most particularly to notice?"

"That I established myself in life, found a happy home, and have never had an hour's real care since."

"I don't quite see the point of it. I am sure Robert is a good husband—indeed, sometimes I look upon him as an angel; but, you see, no one has proposed to me. And if some one did, I already have a home; and I have no need to have any particular cares that I know of. Well, but your further advice? Surely you had something more to say than 'Look at me!'"

"It is only, dear, that Robert and I, who have your welfare at heart, and who feel sure that your intentions, at least, are good——"

"That *is* kind. Well?"

"We hope you will not do anything—anything that would be peculiar, or compromise your chances afterward."

"Chances!" echoed Margaret, her head suddenly elevated. "I suppose that means that if I do not behave very prettily, I may not find the sort of husband you would think desirable for me. In other words, you and Robert are convinced that I am hopelessly mad in reality; but you hope I shan't have any paroxysms until I am safely out of your hands. I am sure, if I were in your place, I should feel exactly the same. What plan would you adopt, if you were me, to keep myself quiet?"

Mrs. Pierce had been issued into the world minus any imagination, or sense of humor. She replied very seriously:

"Well, dear, if I were you, I would go and stay some time at Beckbridge Abbey, and try to become acquainted with some of your own tenantry and dependents. You are Lady of the Manor, you know. Maurice Biddulph was telling me the other day, that he should soon be going to his place at Beckbridge, which is really next door to the Abbey, and I am sure he would be too glad to give you any advice and help——"

Mrs. Pierce's touching picture of rural life and mutual good will was interrupted by a little, hard, sarcastic laugh on the part of the recipient of her advice.

"Your scheme is too, too beautiful, Laura. I must think about it. Suppose I talk it over with Mr. Biddulph to-night."

"I wish you would. As I said, I am sure he would be delighted."

"Oh, he is vastly obliging, I know. 'Miss Barrington of Beckbridge Abbey;' 'Mr. Biddulph, of Beckbridge Hall.' How well the two names sound together, don't they?"

Laura, though not a humorist, nor a woman of mind, usually knew when people were really agreeing with her, and when they were only pretending to do so. She replied:

"No, not at all, as you say them. I know it is of no use talking to you. You will listen to no one, though you have seen nothing of the world, and I——"

"Was married at eighteen, and have never seen anything but drawing-rooms of well-to-do people since; if you call that knowing the world. As you say, Laura, I have seen nothing of the world. The one object of my instructors appears to have been to keep me quite ignorant of it. Tom knows far more about it than I do; yet he is not twenty-one, nor has he an estate and an income to manage. It is just for that reason that, whatever else I do, I will see a little of the world before I—before I think of anything else. Meantime, I hope you won't imagine every time you see me open my purse that I am about to dissipate my entire fortune upon some unworthy or absurd object. Credit me with a little of the reason granted to more favored mortals, I pray. There is Robert's voice below. I hope *he* is not going to give me advice, for I don't feel as if I could stand it. I shall be too limp to dance a step, if I have any more advice to-night."

Mrs. Pierce, relieved to know that her husband was in the house, inquired next: "How many dances have you promised for to-night, Madge?"

"Dances. One."

"Only one. Is it the first?"

"It is the first."

"I think I can guess who will have it."

"I don't believe you can. You may have three tries if you like. Now then."

"Maurice Biddulph."

"No," said Margaret, coldly and composedly.

"No! Then I give it up. I cannot imagine you conferring the favor on any other man."

"My dear, I have not conferred the favor on a man at all."

"Not on a man! Margaret, what do you mean?"

"Calm yourself! You don't call Tom a man, I suppose: though I am aware that he calls himself one, and is under the firm impression that he has arrived at the full maturity of his powers of intellect and of fatal fascination for our sex."

"It is absurd! It will look ridiculous!"

"Not at all. He is nearly as tall as I am. He has promised to put on a pair of white gloves, to part his hair quite straight—if it takes him an hour to do it—and I am to give him a little scent for his handkerchief, and we are to open the ball together. I think it will be a very touching and beautiful sight. There's Robert!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Something About Cameos.

"The onyx stone, on which the most valuable cameos are cut, is found in such plenty on the Uruguay River, in Brazil, that ships often take it for ballast," said a cameo cutter. "Some of it has been found in Germany where much of the cutting is done. The market is flooded with cheap and imperfect cameos, the work of apprentices, yet there is a fair demand for new work at good prices, especially for portraits. The art of cameo-cutting is very old and some of the specimens of Roman work done 2,000 years ago are exquisite in tracery and design. They are produced by an extraordinary amount of labor, unaided by the modern improvements in tools. Such work was then done for monarchs or very wealthy persons, and a cutting requiring a year was a very common thing. The same quality of work is now within the reach of persons of moderate means. Three fair-looking cameo-cuttings, suitable for mounting as breast-pin and ear-rings may be bought for $8. But cameo portraits cost from $50 to $250, according to size, and the stone for the latter would be worth about $70.

"A raised cutting on any stone is called a cameo; when the device is sunk it is called an intaglio. The onyx is preferred for cameos above all stones, because it comes in layers of two colors. The combinations are black and white, black and cream, red and white, and dark brown, called the sardonyx. One advantage of a cameo portrait is that it will last forever. The stone is so hard that it can be cut only with diamond dust. The process of cutting consists of holding the stone up to revolving drills whose soft steel ends are covered with diamond dust. The utmost impatience and caution and delicate manipulation are required to grind off the lower layer of stone. A mistake is fatal to the work. No steel can be made hard enough to drill the onyx. Even crome steel will not do it, and that is so hard that a drill made from it will cut through an ordinary file. No acid will affect the onyx, and it will stand the greatest heat of the furnace if the heat be applied gradually, so as to prevent cracking. Some cuttings went through the great Bond street fire and were found in the ruins unharmed."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A humane person wrote to a New York paper a communication which he evidently intended to bear the caption line: "A Plea for Homeless Dogs." The truthful compositor, who could not tell a lie, spelled the word "plea" with a capital F. He was right. Most homeless dogs have 'em.—*Detroit Post.*

—A Texas paper has invented a new classification for the human race. Speaking of a popular citizen, it says it "never heard man, woman or negro speak a disrespectful word of him."

Rats at the Zoo.

"Would you believe it, the rats give us more trouble than all the wild animals combined," said Superintendent Arthur E. Brown, of the Zoological Garden, yesterday, when questioned about the annoyance caused by the rodents that infest the garden.

"They seem to be everywhere," continued the Superintendent, "and their boldness and cunning are something remarkable. All Zoological Gardens complain of the annoyance caused by these creatures, for the character of the places they select for their homes insures them, I might say, immunity from harm. We dare not scatter poison around, for not only the rats but some of the most valuable animals in the garden would be apt to partake of the deadly stuff, and we would suffer many thousands of dollars of loss in thus trying to rid ourselves of the pests. Were it not that this danger forestalls all efforts in that direction, we would not lose any time in resorting to such means.

"There is no such thing as starving them out, for there is always plenty of material for them to feed on within easy reach of their holes. Food is plentifully scattered around the grounds for the animals and fowls, and the rats just fill themselves like gluttons on the choice morsels intended for the attractions. This is the most exasperating part of the matter. They grow fat and bold on the high living unintentionally afforded them. Sometimes their boldness results fatally. The other day a big rat saucily crawled into the lion's den just as the beast was about to dispose of a fifteen-pound chunk of juicy beef. The lion did not notice the intruder until the latter had approached within two feet of him. The rat stopped a moment, seemingly debating in his mind whether or not it would be judicious to go any nearer. The lion quickly espied his unwelcome visitor. the rat tried to scamper away, but in a twinkling the lion's big paw came down savagely on the puny fugitive, and a moment later the thieving little rascal was being beautifully crunched to atoms between the capacious jaws of the lion.

"Down in the beavers' pond they hold high carnival at feeding time. Sometimes a score of them will emerge from their nests and steal the food from under the beavers' noses. The beavers have got so accustomed to them that they do not try to chase them away any more. A dozen or more will gather around the old sun bear and steal his rations out of his mouth. The old fellow long ago gave up all hope of beating them off. Tiger cats are supposed to be the deadly foes of rats, but those we have here in the garden never try to kill them only when they are breeding. The same can be said of the common cats. Down at the lake the rats have killed a number of young ducks and geese, and it is almost impossible to raise any kind of young fowl. They make war on the pheasants to such an extent that we found it necessary to build a brick wall under the cage to prevent them from burrowing under. A similar wall was built around the duck pond, three feet below the surface, but they worked their way under nevertheless. Now we try to drown them out by squirting a hose down the holes. The rats are too smart to be caught with traps. Sometimes we catch some in this way and feed them to the snakes. When bitten by a rattlesnake a rat will not move more than two feet away before it drops dead, so quickly does the venom do its work."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Why Honesty is Unknown in Tonquin.

Few words are necessary regarding the Anamite administration. The system is precisely that of the Chinese. Tonquin is divided into sixteen provinces, seven of the first order, eight of the second, one of the third, the latter two orders being attached to the first. Each commune has a mayor. Each lot of twenty or thirty communes forms a sub-prefecture; six of these make a prefecture, governed by a Tuanfu or prefect. Provinces of the first class have each three great Mandarins, similar to those of China; the first is Tongdoe or governor, the second Bochink or treasurer, the third Ansat or Judge. Once Tonquin had a Viceroy, but latterly it was found unwise to have officials of such high rank and power permanently there, and only an occasional Royal Commissioner is sent to report. The titles Viceroy and Governor represent very different positions from those of similar officers in China, where the power wealth, and responsibilities of the officers are considerable. In mountain and plateau districts there are tribes forming administrative divisions, the office of Mandarin being held by a Tassu, an aboriginal hereditary chief, similar to those of China. Tonquin has copied from China, as indicated, its administrative system, and borrowed its literature, religion, and manners; in fact, Tonqin is a copy of the level parts of Eastern China. Nothing new, nothing original arrests the attention of the stranger who has traveled in the Celestial Empire. The administration, though admirable, fails here as in China, and from the same reason, the main cause being the inadequacy of pay. Corruption as a fine art has been carried to the highest limits. When you learn the scale of official salaries you will understand one reason why honesty is an unkown quantity in Tonquin, at least among officials. The monthly pays are: Governor 16s.; prefect, 2s. 6d.; private soldiers, 9d. Higher officials have to maintain a certain degree of pomp. Their appointments are gained on the Chinese competitive system. An Anamese scholar is as conceited, prig-ish, and ignorant of all useful knowledge as his Chinese *confrere*. The Anamite Mandarin has the reputation, according to the French, of being shrewd, cunning, cruel, and oppressive to those beneath him, and of being subservient to those above him, and, above all, to understand the *art d'attendre*. I see no reason to doubt the justice of the criticism.—*London Times.*

—The recent Boston cat show had a Doctor Tom, a large yellow feline that has served eighteen years in a drug store. A cross-eyed cat was named Butler in honor of the Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts. There was a tiger-cat that weighed twenty-five pounds. A deaf cat had one blue and one yellow eye.—*Boston Post.*

A FATEFUL FALL.

A Portion of the New Capitol Building at Madison, Wisconsin, Collapses, Burying Forty Workmen in the Ruins—Five Already Dead; Many More Fatally and Seriously Injured, and Others Still Missing—A Heavy Accountability Resting Somewhere.

MADISON, WIS., Nov. 8.

This afternoon was witnessed the most terrible accident that has ever befallen the city. Ten minutes before two o'clock the great iron pillars supporting the roof of the second story of the balcony of the south wing of the Capitol building swung out of place, owing to defective masonry, allowing the entire south wall to fall with a terrible crash. Immediately the roof of the entire wing dropped in with a deafening roar, sending up a cloud of dust and broken timbers. The wild cries of the imprisoned and crushed workmen sent a thrill of horror throughout the capital. About forty masons, plasterers, laborers and carpenters were at work upon the wing, and they went down in the ruins. As soon as the dust settled willing hands were at work taking out the dead and injured. The following are all the names obtainable to-night:

DEAD.

Bernard Higgins, laborer, fifty years old, Madison.

William Edgar, mason, Madison, buried under debris; horribly crushed.

Michael Zewank, mason, Madison, died after being taken out.

William G. Jones, mason, Milwaukee, skull fractured; died since taken out.

James Kelly, died after being taken out.

INJURED.

Miles Maxwell, plasterer, of Janesville; badly cut on head.

William Ross, plasterer, of Sheboygan; probably fatal.

William Junge, carpenter, of Madison; badly scratched.

Arthur Lynch, of Madison; head badly hurt; delirious.

Ed. Bahn, mason, of Sauk City, single, aged 23; seriously cut.

Ed. Page and J. O. Page, masons, of Middleton, young men, brothers; badly hurt.

Ed. Kingsley, mason, Milwaukee; hurt about the head.

James Dowell, mason, Madison, an old settler, aged sixty, both legs broken; will die.

Patrick O'Laughlin, laborer, left arm broken and two temple cuts; will die.

William Burke, Sr., laborer married, with four children, badly cut about the face and chest injured.

Ed. Kinsella, bricklayer, of Milwaukee, cut about the head and back.

Cyrus Schenck, of Shopiere, Rock County, cut on the back of head and in the right eye.

Henry Diedereck, mason, of Milwaukee, left leg broken.

Mike Zewauk, Sr., mason, of Madison.

J. Bamen, plasterer, of Madison, face and back injured.

John Clark, plasterer, of Milwaukee, an arm broken.

Nelson Beest, carpenter, of Sun Prairie, hurt slightly.

Pat Gary, of Madison, badly crushed.

Ed. Gleason, laborer, of Madison, foreman of Turners, hurt by a box of glass falling on him.

A calling of the roll showed twelve men unaccounted for. The list of the dead will not, it is believed, fall below fifteen, although it will take until to-morrow to find out the condition of all those yet in the ruins.

One year ago last June a contract was let for the extension of the north and south wings of the capitol building. Since that time work has been carried on, and up to to-day the outside mason work of the south wing extension had been completed and the iron roof had been placed. The roof was supported by massive iron pillars and it was some defect in the mason work upon which these pillars rested that caused the terrible catastrophe. It required but a slight movement to swing the roof from the support of the side walls, which had only just been completed, and the giving of but a few inches in the substructure effected the damage.

The two large upper stories were the ones that fell—the third and fourth. They were divided into large rooms for the Historical Society. Iron columns and girders were used. No timber whatever was used. Most of the wings are four stories high. The men were engaged to-day in building chimneys and arches on the upper floors.

The contract for the extension was taken by Bently & Son of Milwaukee and O. F. Nolan, of Janesville, the latter superintending the work.

A dispatch was received from Governor Rusk at Bayfield instructing all care to be taken of the dead and injured. He will return in the morning.

The Mayor of the city has ordered an inquest held in the morning. A full and rigid investigation will be had and the blame laid where it belongs.

Mr. Jones, of Madison, is the architect who drew up the plans, and H. C. Koch & Co., of this city, are the consulting architects. The firm had the contract to erect the north and south wings. The north wing is about completed and the south is the wing that fell. The work was commenced a year ago last June and the contract price was $188,000. Both wings were to have been completed March 1. The contractors were trying to hurry the work so as to close the building in before the November storms set in.

The Zura Burns Murder.

LINCOLN, ILL., Nov. 8, 1883.

The Circuit Court room was crowded to-day by a solicitous audience as to the outcome of the Carpenter preliminary hearing. It has been a field day for the defense, who have scored numerous strong points, and by witnesses whose testimony cannot be shaken by any circumstantial evidence. The sensational part of the proceedings was the appearance of Mrs. Mary Carpenter, aged seventy-four years, mother of the defendant, on the witness stand. Her appearance is that of a well preserved and refined old lady and her account is particularly marked with the striking vernacular of the average Bostonian. Her voice is trembling and during her examination was listened to with breathless attention and a most rigid cross-examination failed to shake her testimony in any particular. When leaving the witness stand she passed by her son, took him by the hand, kissed him and passed on, after which for several minutes the prisoner sat with his face buried in his hands and wept. She has never seen her son behind the bars and it was the first meeting since his arrest. The testimony will be concluded to-morrow forenoon.

Shocking Domestic Tragedy.

INDEPENDENCE, MO., Nov. 5.

The city of Independence was thrown into a great excitement to-day by a most horrible double murder and suicide. When the children of Henry Clay McGee arrived home from school they were horrified to find their mother lying dead on the floor, with her breast full of buck-shot, and, on entering the next room, they found their sister, a beautiful young lady of about twenty years, lying on the bed completely riddled with shot. On search being instituted for the murderer, the father was found upstairs, with an empty morphine bottle lying beside him. All had the appearance of being dead for several hours.